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SICKNESSES.
A POEM.



(Price One Shilling and Six-pence.)

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S I C K N E S S .

A P O E M :

In THREE BOOKS.

By WILLIAM THOMPSON, *M. A.*
of Queen's College, Oxon.

B O O K I.

*Diseases dire, of which a monstrous Crew
Before Thee shall appear.* MILTON.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY at Tully's-head in Pall-mall ;
and sold by M. COOPER in Pater-noster-Row.

M. D. CC. XLV.

21 C K N E 22

A T O E M

in THREE BOOKS.

By WILLIAM THOMSON, M.D.
of Queen's College, Oxford.

BOOK I

Dissected Part of the Human Body
before the first operation.



Printed by H. DODD, at the University Press, in 1844.
and sold by M. COOPER, in Pall Mall, London.

WELLCOME

Advertisement to the READER.

A Recovery from the Small-pox the last spring, gave occasion to the following poem. I only at first (in gratitude to the great physician of souls and bodies) designed to have published the Hymn to the Trinity upon a recovery from sickness ; which concludes the third book. But the subject being very extensive, and capable of admitting serious reflections on the frail state of humanity ; I expatiated upon it as far as it came within the bounds of my following design ‡. It cannot be suppos'd that I should treat upon sickness in a medicinal, but only in a descriptive, a moral, and religious manner : the versification is varied accordingly : the descriptive parts being more poetical ; the moral, more plain ; and the religious, for the most part, drawn from the holy scriptures. I have just taken such notice of the progress of the Small-Pox,

‡ See the ARGUMENTS page vii.

Pox, as may give the reader some small idea of it, without offending his imagination. The notes subjoin'd to the poem were not intended for the learned reader, but added, at the request of the publisher, to assist those who may not be so well acquainted with the classical and other allusions. I don't remember to have seen any poem on the same subject to lead me on the way, and therefore it is to be hoped, the good-natur'd reader will more readily excuse its blemishes.



ARGU-

ARGUMENT of the First Book.

SUBJECT propos'd. *The folly of employing poetry on wanton, or trifling subjects. Invocation of Urania. Reflections on the instability of life itself: Frailness of youth, beauty, and health. The suddenness and first attacks of a distemper, in particular of the small pox. Moral and religious observations resulting from sickness. The palace of Disease, an episode.*

ARGUMENT of the Second Book.

REFLECTIONS. *Panegyrick on Mr. Pope, on his writings and death. The progress of the disease. Blindness. Delirious dreams. Episode of Corefus and Callirhoe. Remedies for the mind propos'd: 1. Patience: 2. Hope: 3. Prayer. Human aid and relief in sickness. 1. Physick: Eulogium on that science. 2. Friends: Digression on friendship. The distemper at the worst. All hopes of human assistance given over, and fixed upon God alone. Prospect of futurity in its different views at that juncture, an episode. Reflections.*

ARGU-

ARGUMENT of the Third Book.

HYMN to Mercy. Description of her. She sends Hygeia to the well of life : Both describ'd. Her descent : The effects : Abatement of the distemper. Recovery of sight, and pleasure flowing from thence. Musidorus and Ianthe, an episode. Health by degrees restor'd. Effects it ought to have in retirement, especially in the spring. Comparison betwixt sickness and health, in regard both to the body and mind : Concluding with a hymn to the ever-blessed Trinity, upon a recovery from sickness.

ERRATA : Page 17. ver. 269, for flame read flames.
Page 26. ver. 409, for strike read strikes.



[21]

SICKNESSES.

A P O E M:

BOOK I.

O F days with pain acquainted, and of nights
Unconscious of the healing balms of sleep,
That burn in restless agonies away ;
Of SICKNESS, and its family of woes,
5 The fellest enemies of life, I sing,
Horizon'd close in darkness. While I touch
The ebon-instrument, of solemn tone,
Pluckt from the Cypress' melancholy boughs,
Which, deepning, shade the house of mourning,
groans
10 And hollow wailings, through the damps of night,
B Responsive

Responsive wound the ear. The sprightly pow'rs
Of musical enchantment wave their wings,
And seek the fragrant groves and purple fields,
Where pleasure rolls her honey-trickling streams,
15 Of blooming health and laughter-dimpled joy.

Me other scenes than laughing joy, and health
High-blooming, purple-living fields and groves,
Fragrant with spring, invite. Too long the Muse,
Ah, much too long, a libertine, diffus'd
20 On pleasure's rosy lap, has, idly, breath'd
Love-fighting elegies, and pastoral-strains,
The soft seducers of our youthful hours,
Soothing away the vigour of the mind,
And energy of virtue. But, farewell,
25 Ye myrtle walks, ye lilly-mantled meads
Of Paphos, and the fount of Acidale,

Where,

Where, oft, in summer, Grecian fables tell,
The daughters of Eurynome and Jove,
Thalia and her sister-graces cool
30 Their glowing features, at the noontide hour,
Farewel !- - - But come, Urania, from thy bow'rs
Of everlasting day ; O condescend
To lead thy votary (with rapt'rous zeal
Adoring nature's God, the great THREE-ONE !)
35 To Salem ; where the Shepherd-Monarch wak'd
The sacred breath of melody, and swell'd
His harp, to angels kindred notes attun'd,
With music worthy heav'n ! O bath my breast,
With praises burning, in the morning-dews,
40 Which sparkle, Sion, on thy holy hill.

The Prophets, eagle-ey'd, celestial maid,
Those Poets of the sky ! were taught to chaunt

The glories of Messiah's reign by thee :
Kindled by thee, the Eastern-pages flame
45 With light'ning, and with thunder shake the soul ;
While, from the whirlwind, God's all-glorious voice
Bursts on the tingling ears of Job : the writ
Of Moses, meek in spirit, but his thoughts
Lofty as heav'n's blue arch. My humble hopes
50 Aspire but to the alpha of his song ;
Where, roll'd in ashes ; digging for a grave,
More earnest than the covetous for gold
Or hidden treasures ; crusted o'er with boils ;
And roaring in the bitterness of soul,
55 And heart-sick pain, the man of Uz complains.
Themes correspondent to thy servant's theme.

I sing to you, ye sons of men ! of dust,
Say rather : What is man, who proudly lifts

His

His brow audacious, as confronting heav'n,
60 And tramples, with disdain, his mother-earth,
But moulded clay? an animated heap
Of dust, that shortly shall to dust return?

We dream of shadows, when we talk of life,
Of Pelops' shoulder, of Pythagoras' thigh,
65 Of Surius's faints, and Ovid's gods ;
Meer tales to cheat our children with to rest ;
And, when the tale is told, they sink to sleep,
Death's image! so inane is mortal man!
Man's but a vapour, tofs'd by every wind,
70 The child of smok, which in a moment flies,
And, sinking into nothing, disappears.
Man's a brisk bubble, floating on the waves
Of wide eternity: He dances now
Gay-gilded by the sun (tho' empty, proud ;)

75 Phantastically fine ! and now he drops
In a broad sheet of waters deep involv'd,
And gives his place to others. O, ye sons
Of vanity, remember, and be wise !
Man is a flow'r, which, in the morning, fair
80 As day-spring, swelling from its slender stem,
In virgin-modeesty, and sweet reserve,
Lays out its blushing beauties to the day,
As Gideon's fleece, full with the dews of heav'n.
But if some ruder gale, or nipping wind,
85 Disastrous, blow too hard, it soon puts on
The robes of darkness ; it reclines its head
In languid softness ; withers every grace,
And, ere the ev'ning-star the West inflames,
It falls into the portion of those weeds
90 Which, with a careless hand, we cast away---
Ye thoughtless fair ones, moralize my song !

Thy

Thy pulse beats music ; thou art high in health ;
The rather tremble. When the least we fear,
When folly lulls us on her couch of down,
95 And wine and lutes and odours fill the sense
With their soft affluence of bewitching joys ;
When fortune smiles, exulting, looking on,
And years of rapture in thy fancy glow
To entertain thy youth ; a sudden burst
100 Of thunder from the smallest cloud of fate,
Small as the Prophet's hand, destroys, confounds,
And lays thy visionary hopes in dust.
By my example taught, examples teach
Much more than precepts, learn to know thy end.

105 The day was *Valentine's* : when lovers wounds
Afresh begin to bleed, and sighs to warm
The chilly rigour of relenting skies :

Sacred

Sacred the day to innocence and mirth,
The festival of youth! in seeming health
110 (As custom bids) I hail'd the year's fair morn,
And with its earliest purple braid my brows,
The violet, or primrose, breathing sweets
New to the sense. *Ianthe* by my side,
More lovely than the season! rais'd her voice,
115 Observant of his rites, in festal lays,
And thus address'd the patron of the spring.

“ Hail, *Valentine* ! at thy approach benign,
“ Profuse of gems, the bosom of the earth
“ Her fragrant stores unfolds : the fields rejoice,
120 “ And, in the infancy of plenty, smile :
“ The vallies laugh and sing : the woods, alive,
“ Sprout into floating verdure, to embow'r
“ Those happy lovers, who record thy praise.

“ Hail, *Valentine* ! at thy approach benign,
125 “ Inhaling genial raptures from the sun,
“ The plummy nations swell the song of joy,
“ Thy soaring choiristers ! The lark, the thrush,
“ And all th’ aerial people, from the wren
“ And linnet to the eagle, feel the stings
130 “ Of amorous delight, and sing thy praise.

“ Hail, *Valentine* ! at thy approach benign,
“ Quick o’er the soft’ning soul the gentle gales
“ Of spring, awaking bliss, instinctive, move
“ The ardent youth to breath the sighs of faith
135 “ Into the virgin’s heart ; who, sick of love,
“ With equal fires, and purity of truth
“ Consenting, blushes while she chaunts thy praise.

So sung *Ianthe* : to my heart I prest

Her spotless sweetness : when, (with wonder, hear!)
140 Tho' she shone smiling by, the torpid pow'rs
Of heaviness weigh'd down my beamless eyes,
And press'd them into night. The dews of death
Hung, clammy, on my forehead, like the damps
Of midnight sepulchres ; which, silent, op'd
145 By weeping widows, or by friendship's hand,
Yawn, hideous on the moon, and blast the stars
With pestilential reek. My head is torn
With pangs insufferable, pulsive starts,
And pungent aches, griding thro' the brain,
150 To madness hurrying the tormented sense,
And hate of being----Poor Ianthe wept
In bitterness, and took me by the hand
Compassionately kind : " Alas ! she cry'd,
" What sudden change is this ? (Again she wept.)
155 " Say, can Ianthe prove the source of pain

" To

“ To Musidorus ? O forbid it, heav’n ! ”

No, beauteous innocence ! As soon the rose

Shall poison with its balm ; as soon the dove

Become a white diffempler, and the stream

160 With lulling murmurs, creeping thro’ the grove,

Offend the shepherd’s slumber---Scarce my tongue

These faltering accents stammer’d ; down I sink,

And a lethargick stupor steeps my sense

In dull oblivion : till returning Pain,

165 Too faithful monitor ! and dire Disease

Bid me remember, Pleasure is a dream,

That Health has eagles wings, nor tarries long.

New horrors rise. For, in my pricking veins

I feel a forked flame : the rapid flood

170 Of throbbing life, excursive from the laws

Of sober nature, and harmonious health,

Boils in tumultuary eddies round
Its bursting channels. Parching thirst, anon,
Drinks up the vital maze, as Simois dry,
175 Or Zanthus, by the arm ignipotent,
With a red torrent of involving flames
Exhausted ; when Achilles with their floods
Wag'd more than mortal war : the god of fire
Wide o'er the waters pour'd th' inundant blaze,
180 The shrinking waters to the bottom boil
And hiss in ruin. O ! ye rivers, roll
Your cooling crystal o'er my burning breast,
For Ætna rages here ! Ye snows, descend ;
Bind me in icy chains, ye northern winds,
185 And mitigate the furies of the fire !

Good heaven ! what hoards of unrepented guilt
Have drawn this vengeance down, have rais'd
this fiend

To lash me with his flames? But, O, forgive
My rashness, that dares blame thy just decrees.
190 It is thy rod : I kiss it with my heart,
As well as lips : like Aaron's may it bloom
With fruits of goodness : not, like Moses' turn
A serpent ; or, to tempt me to accuse
The kind oppression of thy righteous hand,
195 Or, sting me to despair,---- Affliction, hail !
Thou school of Virtue ! glad, I enter in
Thy gates of ebony. Yet, O, correct
Thy servant not with judgment, not in wrath,
But with thy mercy, Lord ! thy stripes will heal.
200 Thus without heresy, Afflictions prove
A purgatory ; save us as by fire :
And purifying off the dross of sin,
Like old *Elijah's* chariot, rap the soul,
On wings of meditation, to the skies.

205 In health we have no time to visit truth :
Health's the disease of morals : few in health
Turn o'er the volumes which will make us wise.
What are ye, now, ye tuneful triflers ! once
The eager solace of my easy hours,
210 Ye dear deluders or of Greece or Rome,
Anacreon, Horace, Virgil, Homer, what ?
The gay, the bright ; the sober, the sublime ?
And ye of softer strain, ye amorous fools,
Correctly indolent, and sweetly vain,
215 Tibullus, Ovid ; and the female-verse
Of her, who, plunging from Leucadia's heights,
Extinguish'd, with her life, her hopeless fires,
Or rose a swan, as love-struck fancy deem'd.
Who wou'd not, in these hours of wisdom, give
220 A Vatican of wits for one faint PAUL ?
Dare Tully with the golden mouth of Greece,
With

With Chrysoftom in rhet'rick-thunder join,
Advent'rous, now ? as soon the feeble found,
Salmoneus, of thy brazen bridge contends
225 With Jove's æthereal peal, and bursting roar
Fulminous, rending earth, o'erturning air,
And shaking heav'n. Or shall the pointed pen
Of † Corduba, with hostile labour bend
Its sentences obscure against the force
230 Of Hierom's noble fire ? as soon the moon's
Dull-blunted horn dares pour her pallid beam
Against the boundless majesty of day,
The sun's refulgent throne ; when, high, in noon
He kindles up the earth to light and joy.
235 My best instructor, Sickness, shuts the eye
From vanity ; she draws the curtains round
The couch, nor gives admittance to the world :

† Seneca was born at Corduba in Spain.

But to Harpocrates consigns the door,
And, silent, whispers me, that "life is vain."

240 If life be vain, on what shall man depend?

Depend on Virtue. Virtue is a rock
Which stands for ever; braves the frowning flood,
And rears its awful brow, direct, to heaven.

Tho' virtue save not from the grave, she gives
245 Her votaries to the stars; she plucks the sting
From the grim king of terrors; smooths the bed
Of anguish, and bids death, tho' dreadful, smile.

Death smiles on virtue: And his visage, *black,*
Yet comely seems. A christian scorns the bounds

250 Where limited creation said to time,
" *Here I have end*". Rapt'rous, he looks beyond
Or time or space; he triumphs o'er decay;
And *fills Eternity*: the next to GOD!

Death was not man's inheritance ; but life,
255 Immortal, but a paradise of bliss,
Unfading beauty, and eternal spring,
The gifts of God's right-hand ! till monstrous Sin,
The motly child of fatan and of hell,
Invited dire Disease into the world,
260 And her distorted brood of ugly shapes,
Abominable ! and fix'd their residence
On earth, invisible to human sight,
The portion and the scourge of mortal man.
Yet tho' to human sight invisible,
265 If she whom I implore, Urania, deign,
With Euphrasy to purge away the mists
Which, humid, dim the mirror of the mind,
(As Venus gave Æneas to behold
The angry gods with flame o'erwhelming Troy,
270 Neptune and Pallas,) not in vain, I'll sing

The myftick terrors of this gloomy reign :
And, led by her, with dangerous courage prefs
Through dreary paths, and haunts, by mortal foot
Rare vifited : unlefs by thee, I ween,
275 Father of fancy, of descriptive verfe,
And fhadowy beings, gentle Edmund, hight
Spenser ! the sweeteft of the tuneful throng,
Or recent, or of eld. Creative bard,
Thy fprings unlock, expand thy fairy fcenes,
280 Thy unexhausted ftores of fancy fpread,
And with thy images enrich my fong.

Deep in a defert-vale, a Palace ftands
Sublimely mournful : to the eye it feems
The manfion of Defpair, or ancient Night.
285 The graces of the Seasons never knew
To fhed their bounty here, or fmiling, blefs,
With

With hospitable foot, its bleak domain,
Uncultivated. Nor the various robe
Of flushing Spring, with purple gay, invests
290 Its blighted plains ; nor Summer's radiant hand
Profusive, scatters o'er its baleful fields
The rich abundance of her glorious days :
And golden Autumn here forgets to reign.

Here only hemlock, and whatever weeds
295 Medea gather'd, or Canidia brew'd,
Wet with Avernus' waves, or Pontus yields,
Or Colchos, or Theffalia ; taint the winds,
And choak the ground unhallow'd. But the soil
Refuses to embrace the kindly feeds
300 Of healing vegetation, sage, and rue,
Dittany, and Amello, blooming still
In Virgil's rural page. The bitter yew,

The church-yard's shade! and cypress' wither'd arms
In formidable ranks furround its courts

305 With umbrage dun ; administering a roof
To birds of ominous portent ; the bat,
The raven boding death, the screaming owl
Of heavy wing, while serpents, rustling, hiss,
And croaking toads the odious concert aid.

310 The peevish east, the rheumy south, the north
Pregnant with storms, are all the winds that blow :
While, distant far, the pure Etesian-gales,
And western-breezes fan the spicy beds
Of Araby the blest, or shake their balm
315 O'er fair Britannia's plains, and wake her flow'rs.
Eternal damps, and deadly humours, drawn
In pois'nous exhalations from the deep,
Conglomerated into solid night,

And darknefs, almost to be felt, forbid
320 The fun, with chearful beams, to purge the air,
But roll their suffocating horrors round
Inceffant, banifhing the blooming train
Of health, and joy, for ever, from the Dome.

In fad magnificence the palace rears
325 Its mouldering columns ; from thy quarries, Nile,
Of fable marble, and Egyptian mines
Embowel'd. Nor Corinthian pillars, gay
With foliag'd capitals and figur'd frize,
Nor feminine Ionique, nor, tho' grave,
330 The fluted Dorique, and the Tufcan plain,
In juft proportions rife : but Gothic, rude,
Irreconcil'd in ruinous defign :
Save in the center, in relievo high,
And fwelling emblematically bold,

335 In gold the apple rose, “ *whose mortal taste*
“ *Brought death into the world, and all our woe.*”
Malignantly delighted, dire Disease
Surveys the glittering pest, and grimly smiles
With hellish glee. Beneath, totters her throne,
340 Of jarring elements ; earth, water, fire ;
Where hot, and cold ; and moist, and dry maintain
Unnatural war. Shapeless her frightful form,
(A chaos of distemper’d limbs in one.)
Huge as Megæra ; cruel as the grave ;
345 Her eyes, two comets ; and her breath, a storm.
High in her arms, if arms they be, she wields
Her scepter, half a skeleton ; and points
To the dead walls, besmear’d with cursed tales
Of Plagues red-spotted, of blue Pestilence
350 Walking in darkness ; Havock at their heels ;
Lean Famine, gnawing in despite her arm :

What-

Whatever Egypt, Athens, or Messina,
Constantinople, Troynovant, Marseils,
Or Cairo felt, or Spagnolet cou'd paint.
355 A sickly taper, glimmering feeble rays
Across the gloom, makes horror visible,
And punishes, while it informs, the eye.
A thousand and ten thousand monstrous shapes
Compose the group ; the execrable crew
360 Which Michael, in vision strange, disclos'd
To Adam, in the *Lazar-house of woe* ;
A colony from hell. The knotted Gout ;
The bloated Dropsy ; and the racking Stone
Rolling her eyes in anguish ; Lepra foul ;
365 Strangling Angina ; Ephialtick starts ;
Unnerv'd Paralysis ; with moist Catarrhs ;
Pleuritis bending o'er its side, in pain ;
Vertigo ; murderous Apoplexy, proud

With

With the late spoils of Clayton's honour'd life :
370 Clayton, the good, the courteous, the humane ;
Tenacious of his purpose, and his word
Firm as the fabled throne of Grecian Jove.
Be just, O memory ! again recall
Those looks illumin'd by his honest heart,
375 That open freedom, and that chearful ease,
The bounteous emanations of his soul :
His British honour ; christian charity ;
And mild benevolence for human-kind.

From every quarter, lamentations loud,
380 And sighs resound, and rueful peals of groans
Roll echoing round the vaulted dens, and screams
Dolorous, wrested from the heart of Pain,
And brain-sick Agony. Around her throne
Six favourite furies, next herself accurst,

Their

385 Their dismal mansions keep ; in order each,
As most destructive. In the foremost rank,
Of polish'd steel, with armour blood-distain'd,
Helmets and spears, and shields, and coats of mail
With iron stiff, or tin, or brass, or gold,
390 Swells a triumphal arch ; beneath grim War
Shakes her red arm : for *War* is a Disease,
The fellest of the fell ! Why will mankind,
Why will they, when so many plagues involve
This habitable globe, (the curse of sin,)
395 Invent new desolations to cut off
The Christian race ? at least in Christian climes
Let Olives shade your mountains ; and let Peace
Stream her white banner o'er us blest from war,
And lawrels only deck your Poet's brows.
400 Or, if the fiery metal in your blood,
And thirst of human-life your bosom sting,

Too savage! let the fury loose of war,
And bid the battle rage against the breasts
Of Asian Infidels: redeem the tow'rs
405 Where DAVID sung, the son of DAVID bled;
And warm new Tasso's with the Epic-flame.

Right opposite to War a gorgeous throne
With jewels flaming, and emboss'd with gold
And various sculpture, strike the wond'ring eye
410 With jovial scenes (amid destruction gay,)
Of instruments of mirth, the harp, the lute,
Of costly viands, of delicious wines,
And flow'ry wreaths to bind the careless brow
Of youth, or age; as youth or age demand
415 The pleasing ruin from the enchantress, vile
Intemperance: than Circe subtler far,
Only subdu'd by wisdom; fairer far,

Than

Than young Armida, whose bewitching charms
Rinaldo fetter'd in her rosy chains :
420 Till, by Ubaldo held, his diamond shield
Blaz'd on his mind the virtues of his race,
And, quick, dissolv'd her wanton mists away.
See, from her throne, slow-moving, she extends
A poison'd gobblet ! fly the beauteous bane :
425 The adder's tooth, the tiger's hungry fang
Are harmless to her smiles ; her smiles are death.
Beneath the foamy lustre of the bowl
Which sparkles men to madness, lurks a snake
Of mortal sting : fly : if you taste the wine,
430 Machaon swears that Moly cannot cure.
Tho' innocent and fair her looks, she holds
A lawless commerce with her sister Pests,
And doubly whets their darts : away----and live.

Next, in a low-brow'd cave, a little hell,
435 A penfive hag, moping in darkness, fits
Dolefully-fad : her eyes (fo deadly-dull !)
Stare from their stonied sockets, widely wild ;
For ever bent on rusty knives, and ropes ;
On poignards, bowls of poison, daggers red
440 With clotted gore. A raven by her side
Eternal croaks ; her only mate Despair :
Who, scowling in a night of clouds, presents
A thousand burning hells, and damned souls,
And lakes of stormy fire, to mad the brain
445 Moon-strucken. *Melancholy* is her name ;
Britannia's bitter bane. Thou gracious pow'r,
(Whose judgments and whose mercies who can tell ?)
With bars of steel, with hills of adamant
Crush down the footy fiend ; nor let her blast
450 The sacred light of heav'n's all-cheering face,
Nor fright, from Albion's isle, the angel HOPE.

Fever the fourth : adust as Afric wilds,
Chain'd to a bed of burning bras : her eyes
Like roving meteors blaze, nor ever close
455 Their wakeful lids : she turns, but turns in vain.
Through nights of misery. Attendant Thirst
Grasps hard an empty bowl, and shrivel'd strives
To drench her parched throat. Not louder groans
From Phalaris's bull, as fame reports,
460 Tormented with distressful din the air,
And drew the tender tear from pity's eye.

Consumption near ; a joyless, meagre wight,
Panting for breath, and shrinking into shade
Eludes the grasp : thin as th' embodied air
465 Which, erst, deceiv'd Ixion's void embrace,
Ambitious of a goddess ! scarce her legs
Feebly she drags, with wheezing labour, on,

And

And motion flow : a willow wand directs
Her tottering steps, and marks her for the grave.

470 The last, so turpid to the view, affrights
Her neighbour hags. Happy herself is blind,
Or madness wou'd ensue ; so bloated-black,
So loathsome to each sense, the sight or smell,
Such foul corruption on this side the grave.

475 *Variola* yclep'd ; ragged, and rough,
Her couch perplex'd with thorns.----what heavy
Hang o'er my heart to feel the theme is mine !
[scenē]

But providence commands ; his will be done !
She rushes through my blood ; she burns along,
480 And riots on my life.----Have mercy, heav'n !---

Variola, what art thou ? whence proceeds

This virulence, which * all, but we, escape ;

* The Small Pox is peculiar to man. See Dr. Fuller's *Exanthematologia*, 4to. page 167. &c.

Thou

Thou nauseous enemy to human-kind :

In man, and man alone, thy mystick feeds,

485 Quiet, and in their secret windings hid,

Lie unprolifick ; till infection rouze

Her pois'nous particles, of proper size,

Figure, and measure, to exert their pow'r

Of impregnation ; atoms subtile, barb'd,

490 Infrangible, indented ; by the laws

Mechanick, or by Geometrick rules

Yet undiscover'd : quick the ruin runs

Destructive of the solids, spirits, blood

Of mortal man, and agitates the whole

495 In general conflagration and misrule.

As when the flinty feeds of fire embrace

Some fit materials, stubble, furze, or straw,

The crackling blaze ascends ; the rapid flood

Of ruddy flames, impetuous o'er its prey,

500 Rolls its broad course ; and half the field devours.

As adders deaf to beauty, wit, and youth,
How many living lyres, by thee unstrung,
E'er half their tunes are ended, cease to charm
Th'admiring world? so ceas'd the matchless name,
505 By Cowley honour'd, by Roscommon lov'd,
Orinda: blooming Killigrew's soft lay:
And manly Oldham's pointed vigour, curs'd
By the gor'd sons of Loyola and Rome.
And he who Phedra fung, in buskin'd pomp,
510 Mad with incestuous fires, ingenious Smith:
Oxonia's sons. And, O our recent grief!
Shall * BEAUCHAMP die, forgotten by the muse,
Or are the muses with their HARTFORD dumb?
Where are ye? weeping o'er thy learned Rhine,
515 Bononia, fatal to our hopes! or else

* Lord BEAUCHAMP, only son of the Earl of HARTFORD, died at Bologna of the Small-pox, Sept. 11th, 1744, aged 19.

By Kennet's chalky wave, with tresses torn,
Or rude, and wildly floating to the winds,
Mute, on the hoary willows hang the lyre,
Neglected? or in rural Percy-lodge,
520 Where innocence and he walk'd hand in hand,
The cypress crop, or weave the laurel-bough
To grace his honour'd grave? Ye lillies, rise
Immaculate; ye roses, sweet as morn;
Less sweet and less immaculate than he.

525 His op'ning flow'r of beauty softly smil'd,
And, sparkling in the liquid dew of youth,
Adorn'd the blessed light! with blossoms fair,
Untainted; in the rank Italian soil
From blemish pure. The virgins stole a sigh,
530 The matrons lifted up their wond'ring eyes,
And blest the English-angel as he pass'd,

Rejoicing in his rays! why did we trust
A plant so lovely to their envious skies,
Unmercifully bright with savage beams?
535 His were the arts of Italy before,
Courting, and courted by the classic Muse.
He travel'd not to learn, but to reform,
And with his fair example mend mankind.

Why need I name (for distant nations know,
540 Hesperia knows; O would Hesperia sing;
As Maro, erst, and, late, Marino rais'd
The blooming Beauchamps of the former times,
Marcellus; and Adonis to the stars,
On wings of soaring fire! so wou'd she sing!)

545 His uncorrupted heart; his honour clear
As summer-suns, effulging forth his soul
In every word and look: his reason's ray

By

By folly, vanity, or vice unstain'd,
Shining at once with purity and strength,
550 With English honesty, and Attick fire :
His tendernefs of spirit, high-inform'd
With wide benevolence, and candid zeal
For learning, liberty, religion, truth :
The patriot-glories burning in his breast,
555 His king's and country's undivided friend !
Each publick virtue, and each private grace ;
The SEYMOUR dignity, the PERCY-flame ;
All, all !---E're twenty autumns roll'd away
Their golden plenty. Further still ! behold
560 His animated bloom ; his flush of health ;
The blood exulting with the balmy tide
Of vernal life ! so fresh for pleasure form'd
By nature and the graces : yet his youth
So temperately warm, so chafly cool,

565 Ev'n seraphims might look into his mind,
Might look, nor turn away their holy eyes!

Th' unutterable essence of good heav'n,
That breath of God, that energy divine
Which gives us to be wise, and just, and pure,
570 Full on his bosom pour'd the living stream,
Illum'd, inspir'd and sanctify'd his soul!

And are these wonders vanish'd? are those eyes
Where ardent truth, and melting mildness shone,
Clos'd in a foreign land? no more to bless
575 A father, mother, friend! no more to charm
A longing people? O, lamented youth!
Since fate and gloomy night thy beauties veil'd
With shade mysterious, and eclips'd thy beams,
How many SOMERSETS are lost in Thee!

Yet

580 Yet only lost to earth !---For trust the muse,
(His virtues rather trust) She saw him rise,
She saw him smile along the tissu'd clouds,
In colours rich-embroider'd by the sun,
Engirt with cherub-wings, and kindred-forms,
585 Children of light, the spotless Youth of heav'n !
They hail their blest companion, gain'd so soon
A partner of their joys ; and crown with stars,
Almost as fair, the radiance of his brows.
Ev'n where the angel host, with tongues of fire,
590 Chaunt to their glittering harps th' Almighty's praise,
And, and in a burning circle, shout around
The jasper-throne, he mingles flames with them ;
He springs into the center of the choir,
And, drinking in the spirit-most-divine,
595 He sings as sweet, and glows as bright as they.

The END *of the* FIRST BOOK.



NOTES and ALLUSIONS.

Ver. 8. *PLUCKT* from the cypress, &c.

Thus *Horace*:

Barbiton hic Paries habebit. Lib. iii. Ode 26.

And, a greater than *Horace* in lyric poetry, the Royal Psalmist represents the same image:

As for our harps we hanged them up, upon the trees that are therein.

Psalm cxxxvii. 2.

Ver. 25. *Paphos*, a city of Cyprus; formerly dedicated to Venus.

Ver. 25. *Acidale*, a fountain in Orchomenus, a city of Bœotia, where the Graces were supposed to bathe themselves. The genealogy of the Graces is very diversly related. But *Hesiod* says, they were the offspring of Jupiter and Eurynome. *Theog.*

Ver. 47. *Burst on the tingling ears of Job*, &c.

The book of Job is ascrib'd to various authors, and amongst the rest to *Moses*. I am proud to observe that Dr. *Young* has strengthened this opinion in his notes to his admirable poem on Job. Most of the arguments on each side of the question may be found in *Pole's Synopsis Critic.* in the beginning of his notes on the book of Job; and in Mr. *S. Wesley's* curious dissertation on the same subject.

Ver. 63. *We dream of shadows, when we talk of life.*

Σκιάς ὄρα, ἀνθρώπων. *Pind. P. th. Ode 8.*

Sophocles has much the same thought in his *Ajax*; and, to dignify the sentiment, he puts it into the mouth of *Ulysses*:

Ὅρῳ γὰρ ἡμᾶς εἰδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν

Ἐιδώλα ὅσοι περ ζώμεν, ἢ κεφὴν σκείαν:

The scholiast observes, that he borrowed the Sentiment from *Pindar*.

Ver. 64. *We dream, &c. Of Pelops' shoulder—*

The poets feign that Tantalus served up his son Pelops to the table of the gods: They re-united the fragments, and formed his shoulder, which was lost, of ivory. *Ovid. Met. Lib. vi.*

—*Humeroque Pelops insignis eburno.* Virg. Georg. iii.

I shall add this beautiful passage from Tibullus:

— — — *Carmina ni sint,*

Ex humero Pelopis non nituisset ebur. Lib. i. Eleg. 4.

Ver. 64. —*Of Pythagoras' thigh.*

This is told with so much humour by Mr. *Addison* in one of his finest works, that I rather chuse to give an authority from him, than any of the ancients. “The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance: “He was slow, solemn, and silent, in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with hieroglyphicks. As he came into the middle of the “room, he threw back the skirt of it, and discovered a golden thigh. Socrates at the sight of it declared against keeping company with any who “were not made of flesh and blood; and therefore desired Diogenes the “Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted the fabulous heroes, and “worthies of dubious existence, &c.”

The Table of Fame, Tatler Vol. II. No 81.

Ver. 65. *Of Surius's saints.*

Surius writ the voluminous legend of the Romish saints, in six volumes in folio. Dr. *Donne* in his satyrs has given him this character:

— — — — outlie either

Jovius, or Surius, or both together. Sat. 4.

Ver. 105. *The day was Valentine's, &c.*

See *Buchanan's* *Valentiniana* Epig. L. iii. and *Donne's* excellent Epithalamium on the Lady Elizabeth and the Count Palatine, being Valentine's day.

Ver. 113.

Ver. 113. *Ianthe by my side.*

Sickness being a subject so disagreeable, in itself, to human nature, it was thought necessary, as fable is the soul of poetry, to relieve the imagination with the following, and some other Episodes. For to describe the anguish of a distemper without a mixture of some more pleasing incidents, would, no doubt, disgust every good-natur'd and tender reader.

Ver. 126. *The plummy nations, &c.*

Our fine descriptive-poet in his poem on the seasons has sung the passion of the groves (to use his own expression) more sweetly than even the birds which he celebrates, are able to do.

See *Thompson's Spring*, p. 28, &c. 4to.

Ver. 174. — — — — *As Simois dry,
Or Zanthus.*

See *Homer, Ilias*. B. xxi.

Ver. 215. *And the female verse, &c.*

Sapho. See Mr. *Addison's Spectators*, Vol. III.

Ver. 226 *Salmonius of thy brazen bridge, &c.*

Salmonius king of Elis, a province in the Peloponnesus. He was so arrogant as to affect being thought a god : for which end he built a bridge of brass, by driving over which in his chariot, he endeavour'd to make himself be believ'd the Thunderer. But Jupiter, enrag'd at his impiety, struck him dead with a real thunderbolt.

*Vidi credulis dantem Salmonia pœnas,
Dum flammæ Jovis & sonitus imitatur Olympi——
Demens qui nimbos, & non imitabile fulmen
Ære & Cornipedum cursu imitarat equorum.*

Virg. Æn. Lib. vi.

Ver. 238. *And to Harpocrates consigns the door.*

Harpocrates, the god of silence amongst the Egyptians.

*Si quicquam tacite commissum est fido ab amico,
Me unum esse invenies illorum jure sacratum,
Corneli, & factum esse puta Harpocratem.*

Catull.

Hence *Erasmus*, Lib. Adag. tells us, that *reddere Harpocratem* is the same as *mutum reddere*. So *Catullus* in another place :

Patrum reddidit Harpocratem.

Ovid describes him in the same manner, without taking notice of his name, amongst the attendants of *Isis* :

Quique premit vocem, digitoque silentia suadet.

Metam. Lib. ix.

This description intirely agrees with the several medals and statues of *Harpocrates*, which the learned antiquary *Gisb. Cuperus* exhibits in his laborious dissertation on that subject, printed with his *Monumenta Antiqua*, 1687.

But upon another account likewise, *Harpocrates* may justly be appointed to attend upon the sick ; for he is numbered amongst the salutary gods, who assisted in extream dangers : as appears from *Artemidorus*, Oneir. L. ii. C. 44. where, after having mentioned *Serapis*, *Isis*, *Anubis*, and *Harpocrates*, he goes on thus ; *Semper enim servatores crediti sunt hi dii, eorum qui per omnia exercitati sunt, & ad extremum periculum pervenerunt, &c.* *Kircher* also, in his *Oedip. Egypt.* p. 2 vol. II. p. 385. amongst others to the same purpose, has these remarkable words :

Reverebantur Ægypti, præter cætera numina maxime Isin & Osirin, ac borum, sive Harpocratem, tanquam Iatricos Genios.

Ver. 266. *With Euphrasy*, Angl. *Eyebright*. This herb was unknown to the ancients ; at least it is not mention'd by them. It is of extraordinary service to the eye, curing most of its distempers.

— *Cum debilitat morbi vis improba visum,
Aut vinum, aut cæcus, luminis osor, amor, &c.
Tunc ego, non frustra, vocor—*

Coulei Lib. Plant. p. 39.

— — Purg'd with *euphrasy* and *rue*
The visual nerve. *Milton.*

Ver. 268. *As Venus gave Æneas to behold, &c.*

See *Virgil. Æn.* Lib. ii. Which seems to be borrow'd from *Homer. Ilias.* Lib. v. We have several of the like instances in the sacred volumes. *Gen.* xxi.

xxi. 19. *And God open'd her eyes and she saw a well of water.* Numbers, xxi.
 31. *Then the Lord open'd the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of the
 Lord, &c.* Madam Dacier takes notice of this in her notes to Homer.

Ver. 273. — — — *by mortal foot*
Rare visited.

See *Virgil* :

Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor. Juvat ire jugis, qua nulla priorum,
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.

Georg. Lib. iii.

Which is imitated from *Lucretius*, Lib. ii.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita pede, &c.

Ver. 267. — — — *gentle Edmund, hight*
Spenser !

The date of our English poetry may with great justice begin with *Spenser*. It is true, *Chaucer*, *Gower*, and *Lydgate* were masters of uncommon beauties, considering the age they lived in, and have described the humours, passions, &c. with great discernment. Yet none of them seem to have been half so well acquainted with the very life and being of poetry, invention, painting, and design, as *Spenser*. *Chaucer* was the best before him; but then he borrowed most of his poems, either from the ancients, or from *Boccace*, *Petrarch*, or the Provençal writers, &c. Thus his *Troilus* and *Cressida*, the largest of his works, was taken from *Lollius*; and the *Romant of the Rose*, was translated from the French of *John Noon*, an Englishman, who flourished in the reign of Richard II. and so of the rest. As for those who follow'd him, such as *Heywood*, *Scogan*, *Skelton*, &c. they seem to be wholly ignorant of either numbers, language, propriety, or even decency itself. I must be understood to except the Earl of *Surry*, *Sir Thomas Wiat*, *Sir Philip Sidney*, several pieces in the mirror of magistrates, and a few parts of Mr. G. *Gascoign's* and *Turbervill's* works.

Ver. 295. *Medea gather'd and Canidia brew'd, &c.*

Medea, notorious for her incantations in *Ovid*, &c. as Canidia in *Horace*.

Ver. 296. — — Or *Pontus* yields, &c.

Pontus, Colchos, and Theffalia, well known for producing noxious and pois'nous herbs and plants.

*Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi læta venena,
Ipse dedit Mæris; nascuntur plurima Ponto.*

Virg. Eclog. 8.

*Herbasque quas & Colchos & Iberia mittit,
Venenorum ferax.*

Hor. Epod. 5.

*Theffala quinetiam tellus herbasque nocentes,
Rupibus ingenuit.*

Lucan. Lib. v.

Ver. 301. ——— *Amello* blooming still
In *Virgil's* rural page.

*Est etiam flos in pratis cui nomen Amello,
Fecere agricolæ.*

Virg. Georg. Lib. iv.

Besides, there grows a flow'r in marshy ground,

Its name Amellus, easy to be found:

A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves

The sprouting stalk, and shews itself in leaves.

The flow'r itself is of a golden hue,

The leaves inclining to a darker blue, &c.

Addison's Works, vol. I. 4to.

Ver. 354. — — — or *Spagnolet* could paint.

A famous painter, eminent for drawing the distresses and agonies of human nature.

Ver. 360.

Ver. 360. *Which Michael, in vision strange.*

See *Milton's Paradise Lost*, B. xi.

Ver. 369. — — *Clayton's honoured life.*

Sir William Clayton, Bart. died at Marden in Surrey, December the 28th, 1744.

Ver. 405. *Where David sung, &c.*

Tho' a croifade may feem very romantick (and perhaps it is fo) yet it has been applauded by the greateft writers of different ages ; by *Æneas Sylvius*, by *Bessarion*, by *Naugerius*, &c. who have each writ orations upon that fubject. And here I cannot help obferving, that *Caffimire* and *Jac. Baldè*, the two moft celebrated of the modern lyric poets, have writ feveral of their fineft odes to animate the christian princes to fuch a defign ; and that *Taffo* has adorn'd the expedition of Godfrey of Bulloign with the moft beautiful and perfect poem fince the *Æneis* (for I prefer *Milton* to *Virgil* himfelf.)

Ver. 416. *Than Circe fubtler far.*

See *Homer's Odyffey*, Lib. x.

Ver. 418. *Than young Armida, &c.*

See *Taffo's Il Godfredo*, Canto iv. Stanz. 29, &c. Canto xiv. Stanz. 68. Canto xvi. Stanz. 29.

Ver. 430. *Machaon fwears, &c.*

Machaon celebrated in *Homer* ; but here ufed, in general, for any phyfician. So *Ovid* :

Firma valent per fe, nullumque Machaona quærunt.

And *Martial* :

Quid tibi cum medicis ? dimitte Machaonas omnes.

Ver. 430. *That Moly cannot cure.*

Mercury is faid to have prefented *Moly* to *Ulyffes* to preferve him from the charms of *Circe*. *Homer's Odyff.* Lib. x.

Ὡς ἄρα φωνῆσαι περὶ κάπνιστος, &c.

Thus while he spoke, the sovereign plant he drew,
Where on th' all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew.
And shew'd its nature and its wondrous pow'r ;
Black was the root, but milky white the flow'r :
Moly the name.

Mr. Pope.

Laudatissima herbarum est Homero, quam vocari a diis putat Moly, & inventionem ejus Mercurio assignat, contraque summa veneficia demonstrat, &c.

Plinius, Lib. xxv. C. 4.

Ver. 459. *From Phalaris's bull, &c.*

Amongst several instruments of torment that Phalaris caused to be contrived, there was a bull of brass, in which people being cast, and a fire plac'd under it, they bellowed like oxen. Perillus, the artist, demanding a great reward for his invention, was put in it himself to try the first experiment. Upon which *Pliny* makes this good-natur'd reflection : *Perillum nemo laudat sæviorem Phalaride tyranno, qui taurum fecit, mugitus hominis pollicitus, igne subdito, & primus eum expertus cruciatum justiore sævitia, &c. Plinius, Lib. xxxiv. C. 8.*

Ver. 465. — — *deceiv'd Ixion's void embrace.*

Ixion being invited to dine with Jupiter fell in love with Juno, and endeavour'd to debauch her : who acquainted her husband. He to try Ixion formed a cloud into Juno's likeness, upon which he satisfy'd his lust. *Hygini Fab. Diodor. Lib. iv. &c.*

Ver. 506. *Orinda.*

Mrs. K. Philips, stiled the matchless Orinda. See her poems in folio. *Cowley* has two odes upon her, in the 2d vol. of his works, 8vo.

Ver. 506. *Blooming Killigrew's soft lay.*

See her poems in 4to. Mr. *Dryden* celebrates her death in an excellent ode. See his works, vol. 3d, folio, p. 186. See likewise *Wood's Athenæ Oxon.* vol. 2d.

Ver. 508. *Loyola.*

Ignatius

Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits ; against whom Mr. Oldham writ those satyrs, which are the best of his works.

Ver. 515. *Bononia fatal to our hopes.*

Bologna a City in Italy, the first school of the Lombard painters, and a famous university,

—*Parvique Bononia Rheni.* Silius Ital. Lib. viii.

Ver. 531. *And bless'd the English angel as he pass'd—*

At Bologna he went by the name of L'Angelo Inglese. The same compliment seems to have been paid by that people to our great Milton in his travels, as we learn by this epigram of a learned Italian nobleman in the 2d volume of *Milton's* poetical works :

*Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic ;
Non Anglus, verum herc'le Angelus ipse fores.*

Ver. 576. O lamented youth, &c.

*Heu miserande puer, siqua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris—
Sed nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra.*

Virg. Æn. lib. vi.

The E N D.



SICKNESS.

A POEM.

BOOK the SECOND.

*By WILLIAM THOMPSON, M. A.
of Queen's College, OXON.*

*When I waited for Light, there came Darkness.
My Skin is black upon me ; and my Bones are burnt
with Heat.*

My Harp also is turned to Mourning. JOB.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY at Tully's-head in Pall-mall ;
and sold by M. COOPER in Pater-noster-Row.

M. D. C. C. XLV.

21 C K N E S S

A P O L M

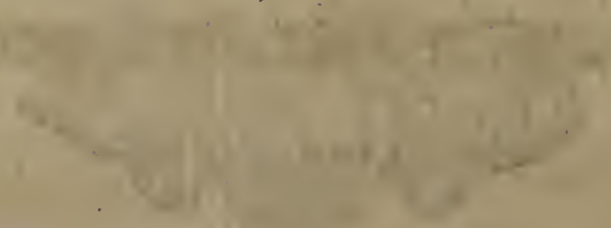
Book the Second

By William Thompson, M.A.

of Queen's College, Oxford.

When I received this copy, I was much surprised to find it was the same as the one I had seen at the library of the University of Oxford.

The title also is the same as the one I had seen at the library of the University of Oxford.



W O R D S

Printed by J. B. Nichols, at the University Press, Oxford.

1855



SICKNESS.

A POEM.

BOOK II.

THE fair, the bright, the great, alas! are fall'n;
 Nipt in the bloom of beauty, wit, and youth;
 Death's undistinguish'd prey. Shall I complain
 (When such th' establish'd ordinance of heav'n)
 5 If SICKNESS at my bosom lay the siege;

A worm to them ! and to their light a shade,
Ungilded with one beam, which melted down
The tear soft-trickling o'er the orphan'd cheek :
We all must dye ! Our every pulse that beats,
10 Beats toward eternity, and tolls our doom.

Fate reigns in all the portions of the year.
The fruits of Autumn feed us for disease :
The Winter's raw inclemencies bestow
Disease on death. While Spring, to strew our herse,
15 Kindly unbosoms weeping in their dew,
Her flowry race ! and Summer (kinder still)
With the green turf and brambles binds our grave.

We not alone have end. In measur'd time
(So heav'n has will'd) together with their snows,
20 The everlasting hills shall melt away :

This

This solid globe dissolve, as ductile wax
Before the breath of Vulcan ; like a scroll
Shrivel th' unfolded curtains of the sky ;
Thy planets, Newton, tumble from their spheres ;
25 The moon be perisht from her bloody orb ;
The sun himself, in liquid ruin, rush
And deluge with destroying flames the globe ---
Peace then, my soul, nor grieve that Pope is dead.

If 'ere the tuneful spirit, sweetly strong,
30 Spontaneous numbers, teeming in my breast,
Enkindle ; O, at that exalting name,
Be favourable, be propitious now,
While, in the gratitude of praise, I sing
The works and wonders of this man divine.

35 I trem-

35 I tremble while I write.---His lisping muse
Surmounts the loftiest efforts of my age.
What wonder? when an infant, he apply'd
The loud * Papinian trumpet to his lips,
Fir'd by a sacred fury, and inspir'd
40 With all the God, in sounding numbers fung
“Fraternal rage, and guilty Thebes’ alarms.”

Sure at his birth (things not unknown of old)
The Graces round his cradle wove the dance,
And led the maze of harmony : the Nine,
45 Prophetick of his future honours, pour'd
Plenteous, upon his lips, Castalian dew ;
And Attic bees their golden store distill'd.
The soul of Homer, sliding from its star,
Where,

* Translation of the First Book of STATIUS'S THEBAIS.

Where, radiant, over the poetic world
50 It rules and sheds its influence, for joy
Shouted, and blest'd the birth : the sacred choir
Of poets, born in elder, better times,
Enraptur'd, catch'd the elevating sound,
And roll'd the glad'ning news from sphere to sphere.

55 * Imperial Windsor ! on thy brow august,
Superbly gay, exalt thy tow'ry head ;
And bid thy forests dance, and nodding, wave
A verdant testimony of thy joy :
A native Orpheus warbling in thy shades.

60 O listen to † Alexis' tender plaint !
How gently rural ! without coarseness, plain ;
How simple in his elegance of grief !

A shep-

* Windsor-Forest. Mr. Pope born there,

† Pastorals.

A shepherd, but no clown. His every lay

Sweet as the early pipe along the dale,

65 When hawthorns bud, or on the thymy brow

When all the mountains bleat, and vallies sing.

Soft as the nightingale's harmonious woe,

In dewy even-tide, when cowslips drop

Their sleepy heads, and languish in the breeze.

70 * Next, in the critic-chair survey him thron'd,

Imperial in his art, prescribing laws

Clear from the knitted brow, and squinted sneer ;

Learn'd, without pedantry ; correctly bold,

And regularly easy. Gentle, now,

75 As rising incense, or descending dews,

The variegated echo of his theme :

Now, animated flame commands the soul

To glow with sacred wonder. Pointed wit

And

And keen discernment form the certain page.

80 Just, as the Stagyrite ; as Horace, free ;
As Fabian, clear ; and as Petronius, gay.

[fides

* But whence those peals of laughter shake the
Of decent mirth ? Am I in fairy-land ?

Young, evanescent forms, before my eyes,
85 Or skim, or seem to skim ; thin essences
Of fluid light ; Zilphs, Zilphids, Elves and
Genij of Rosicrue, and Ladies' Gods !- - - - ^{Gnomes ;}

And, lo, in shining trails, Belinda's hair,
Bespangling with dishevel'd beams the skies,
90 Flames o'er the night. Behind, a fatyr grins
And, jocund, holds a glass, reflecting, fair,
Hoops, crosses, mattadores ; beaux, flocks, and
Promiscuously whimsical and gay. ^{belles,}

Tassoni, hiding his diminish'd head,

I

Droops

* Rape of the Lock.

95 Droops o'er the laughing page : while Boileau
 With blushes cover'd, low beneath the desk. ^{skulks,}

* More mournful scenes invite. The milky vein
 Of amorous grief devolves its placid wave
 Soft-streaming o'er the soul, in weeping woe
 100 And tenderness of anguish. While we read
 Th' infectious page, we sicken into love,
 And languish with involuntary fires.
 The zephyr, panting on the filken buds
 Of breathing violets ; the virgin's sigh,
 105 Rosy with youth, are turbulent and rude,
 To Sappho's plaint, and Eloïsa's moan.

Heav'ns ! what a flood of empyréal day
 My aking eyes involves ! A || Temple soars,
 Rising like exhalations, on a mount,
 And,

* Ovid's Sappho to Phaon. And Eloïse to Abelard. || Temple of Fame.

110 And, wide, its adamantine valves expands.

Three monumental columns, bright in air,

Of figur'd gold, the center of the quire

With lustre fill, Pope on the midmost shines

Betwixt his Homer and his Horace plac'd,

115 Superior by the hand of justice. Fame,

With all her mouths th' eternal trumpet swells,

Exulting at his name ; and, grateful, pours

The lofty notes of never-dying praise,

Triumphant, floating on the wings of wind,

120 Sweet o'er the world : th' ambrosial spirit flies

Diffusive, in its progress wid'ning still,

“ Dear to the earth, and grateful to the sky.”

Fame owes him more than e'er she can repay :

She owes her very Temple to his hands ;

125 Like Ilium built ; by hands no less divine !

Attention, rouse thyself! the master's hand,
(The master of our souls!) has chang'd the key,
And bids the thunder of the battle roar

Tumultuous *. Homer, Homer is our own!

130 And Grecian heroes flame in British lines.

What pomp of words! what nameless energy

Kindles the verse; invigours every line;

Astonishes, and overwhelms the soul

In transport tost! When fierce Achilles raves,

135 And flashes, like a comet, o'er the field,

To wither armies with his martial frown.

I see the battle rage; I hear the wheels

Careering with their brazen orbs! The shout

Of nations rolls (the labour of the winds)

140 Full on my ear, and shakes my inmost soul.

Description never cou'd so well deceive:

'Tis real! Troy is here, or I at Troy

Enjoy

Enjoy the war. My spirits, all on fire,
With unextinguish'd violence are born
145 Above the world, and mingle with the Gods.
Olympus rings with arms ! the firmament,
Beneath the light'ning of Minerva's shield,
Burns to the center : rock the tow'rs of heav'n.
All nature trembles ! save the throne of Jove.

150 † To root excesses from the human-breast ;
Behold a beauteous pile of ethicks rise ;
Sense, the foundation ; harmony, the walls ;
(The Dorique grave, and gay Corinthian join'd)
Where Socrates and Horace jointly reign.
155 Best of Philosophers ! of Poets too
The best ! He teaches thee thyself to know :
That virtue is the noblest gift of heav'n :
“ And vindicates the ways of GOD to Man.”
O hearken

O hearken to the Moralist polite!

160 Enter his school of truth ; where Plato's self

Might preach ; and Tully deign to lend an ear.

* Last see him waging with the fools of rhyme

A wanton, harmless war. Duncce after Duncce

Beaux, Doctors, Templars, Courtiers ; Sophs and

165 Condemn'd to suffer life. The motley crew,

Emerging from oblivion's muddy pool,

Give the round face to view ; and shameless front

Proudly expose ; till laughter have her fill.

Born to improve the age, and cheat mankind

170 Into the road of honour!--- Vice again

The gilded chariot drives : ---for He is dead !

I saw the fable barge, along his Thames,

In flow solemnity beating the tide,

Convey his sacred dust! --- Its swans expir'd :
175 Wither'd, in Twit'nam bow'rs, the laurel-bough ;
Silent, the Muses broke their idle lyres :
Th' attendant Graces, check'd the sprightly dance,
Their arms unlock'd, and catch'd the starting tear ;
And Virtue for her lost defender mourn'd !
180 Each volume a Bodleian ! - - - Yet this man,
This mortal man (which leads me to my theme)
With pain embarrass'd, all his tedious days,
And head-achs rack'd, the boundless sea of wit
Spread o'er the world. Thus (his own poet tells)
185 Minerva from the labouring brow of Jove,
Sprung radiant : hurl'd the pointed spear of sense
Against the breast of ignorance and vice :
Athens inspir'd, and taught her bards to sing.

But

But am I'wake ? or in Ovidian realms,
190 And Circè holds the glaſs ? What odious change,
What metamorphoſe ſtrikes the dubious eye ?
Ah, whither is retir'd the ſcarlet wave,
Mantling with health, which floated through the
From the ſtrong ſummer-beam imbib'd ? ^{Cheek,} And
195 The vernal lilly's ſoftly-blended bloom ? ^{where}
The forehead roughens to the wond'ring hand.
Wide o'er the human-field, the body, ſpreads
Contagious war, and lays its beauties waſte.
As once thy breathing harveſt, Cadmus, ſprung,
200 Sudden, a ſerpent-brood ! an armed crop
Of growing chiefs ; and fought themſelves to death.
One black-incruſted bark of gory boils ;
One undiſtinguiſh'd bliſter, from the ſoal
Of the fore foot, to the head's forer crown.
205 JOB's puniſhment ! With patience like his own,
O may

O may I exercise my wounded soul ;
And cast myself upon his healing hand,
Who bruifeth at his will, and maketh whole.

Ah, too, the lustre of the eyes is fled !
210 Heavy and dull, their orbs neglect to roll,
In motionless distortion stiff and fix'd :
Till by the trembling hand of watchful age
(A weeping matron, timorous to affright,
And piously fallacious in her care,
215 Pretending light offensive, and the fun)
Clos'd ; and, perhaps, for ever ! ne'er again
To open on the sphere, to drink the day,
Or (worfe !) behold Ianthe's face divine,
And wonder o'er her charms.---But yet forbear,
220 O dare not murmur : 'tis heav'n's high behest.
Tho' darkness through the chambers of the grave

This dust pursue, and death's sad shade involve ;
E'er long, the filial-light himself shall shine ;
(The stars are dust to him, the sun a shade)

225 These very eyes, these tunicles of flesh,
Ev'n tho' by worms destroy'd, shall see my God,
And, seeing, ne'er remember darkness more,
Environ'd with eternity of day.

Tho', at their visual entrance, quite shut out
230 External forms, forbidden, mount the winds,
Retire to Chaos, or with night commix :
Yet, fancy's mimick work ! ten thousand shapes
Antick and wild, rush sweeping o'er my dreams,
Irregular and new : as pain or ease

235 The spirits teach to flow, and in the brain
Direction diverse hold. Gentle and bright
As hermits, sleeping in their mossy cells,

Lull'd by the fall of waters ! by the rills
From Heliconian cliffs devolv'd : or where,
240 Thy antient river, Kishon, sacred stream !

Soft-murmurs on their slumbers : peace within,
And conscience, ev'n to ecstasy sublim'd
And beatific vision. Sudden, black,
And horrible as murderers ; or hags,
245 Their lease of years spun out, and signed bond
Full-flashing on their eyes ; the gulf, beneath,
Mad'ning with gloomy fires ; and heav'n, behind,
With all her golden valves for ever clos'd.

Now in Elysium lap'd, and lovely scenes,
250 Where honeyfuckles rove, and eglantines,
Narcissus, jess'min, pinks, profusely wild,
In every scented gale Arabia breathe :
As blisful Eden fair ; the morning-work

Of heav'n, and Milton's theme ! where innocence
255 Smil'd, and improv'd the prospect.---Now, anon,
By Isis' favourite flood supinely laid,
In tuneful indolence, behold the bards
(Harps in each hand, and laurel on each brow)
A band of demy-gods, august to fight,
260 In venerable order sweetly rise,
Encircled by the muses, who have trod
In measur'd pace its banks, forever green,
Enamel'd from their feet ! Harmonious notes,
Warbled to Dorique reeds, to Lesbian lyres,
265 Or Phrygian minstrelsie, steal on the ear
Enamour'd with variety : and loud
The trumpets shrilling clangours fill the sky
With silver melody---Now, happier still !
Round thy Italic cloisters, musing flow,
270 Or in sweet converse with thy letter'd sons,
Philosophers,

Philosophers, and Poets, and Divines,
Enjoy the sacred walk, delighted ; * QUEEN'S !
Where Addison and Tickle lay inspir'd,
Inebriated from the classic springs,
275 And tun'd to various-sounding harps the song,
Sublime, or tender ; humorous, or grave ;
Quaffing the Muses' nectar to their fill.

Momentary happiness !----I know not how,
I know not where, the midnight howl of wolves,
280 The dragon's yell, the lion's roar, astound
My trembling ear. Ha ! down a burning mount
I plunge deep, deep : sure Vulcan's shop is here---
Hark, how the anvils thunder round the dens
Flammivorous ! What ? are those chains to bind
285 This skeleton ? the Cyclops must be mad :
Those bolts of steel, those adamantine links
Demand

* Queen's College in OXFORD.

Demand Typhæus' strength to burst.---Away---
Venus and Mars---beware.---In giddy whirls
I ride the blast, and tow'ring through the storm
290 Enjoy the palace of the morn. The sun
Resigns the reins of Phlegon to my hands :
His mane waves fire : he scorches me to dust :
Avaunt, thou fiend!--I'll hurl thee down the deep
Of heav'n, with bolted thunder, and enwrapt
295 With forky light'ning.---Now staggering I reel,
By murderers pursu'd : my faithless feet
Scarce shift their pace : or down rushing amain,
I cease to recollect my steps, and roll
Passive on earth.---Sure, 'twas Astolpho's horn
300 Pour'd on my ear th' annoying blast : Or else
That rapid giddiness o'erturns my brain,
Which, whilom, plagu'd the sons of Calydon,
When cruel, fair Callirhoe enrag'd

Corefus,

Corefus, priest of Bacchus! and his vows,
305 With impious scorn, neglected. Old the tale,
Yet worthy to be told in modern song.

High in Achaia, splendid from afar,
A city flourish'd; Calydon its name,
Wash'd by Evenus' chalky flood; the feat
310 Of Meleager, from the slaughter'd boar
Glorious. A virgin here, amazing, shone,
Callirhoe the fair: her father's boast!
For, ah, she never knew a mother's smile;
Nor learn'd what happiness from marriage springs.
315 In flow'r of youth, and purer than the snow
Which, with a silver circle, crown'd the head
Of the steep neighbour mountain; but averse
To Hymen's rites, the lovely foe of man.
O why will beauty, cruel to itself

320 No less than others, violate the laws
Which nature dictates, and itself inspires!

A thousand lovers from th' Olenian hill,
From rough Pylene, and from Pleuron's tower's,
Their passion pleaded. But Corefus, chief,
325 The Calydonian priest of Bacchus, form'd
By Venus' self for love ; in beauty's pride ;
Young, bounteous, affable. What tender arts,
What winning carriage, and respectful suit,
Almost to zealous adoration swell'd,
330 Did he not practise ? But in vain. And now
Drew near the Orgial festival, and rites
Lyæan. Poor Corefus, to approve
The wonders of his love and dear regard,
By scorn unquench'd, unabated by neglect ;
335 (In hopes to soften her, at least adorn)

Presented to this mureless of his peace
The ritual ornaments, by virgins worn
Upon the solemn feast. The ivy-spear,
With winding green, and viny foliage gay,
340 Curl'd by his hand : a mitre for the head,
Curious aumail'd with imitated grapes,
Of blushing rubies form'd : the pall of lawn,
Flow'r'd with the conquests of the purple God :
The cista, silver ; and the cymbals, gold :
345 And piny torch (O were it Hymen's !) ting'd
With spicy gums, to feed the ready flame.

Open'd the festival---Loose to the winds,
Dishevel'd, bare, the virgins give their necks
And wanton hair. Evœ ! they, mad'ning, cry,
350 And shake their torches. Evœ ! Io ! rends

L

The

The air, and beats the echoing vault of heav'n.

The hills, the vales with Io! Evœ! ring.

The temple opens to the sacred throng;

When foremost enters, as in drefs and charms,

355 Callirhoe, so in speed. Their lovers wait,

With burning expectation, to enfold

His beauteous mistress each. High on a throne

Corefus blaz'd in jewels and in gold,

More charming in himself. Quick with his eye

360 He catch'd Callirhoe; and, descending, clasp'd

With eager transport her reluctant waist.

A thousand vows he breath'd, and melting things

He spoke and look'd; but to the rocks and wind.

What cou'd he more? Yes more he did: for what,

365 What can't a lover, like Corefus, do?

Neglectful of his dignity, he sunk

(Still

(Still love disdains what dignity demands,
O'er Jupiter himself supreme) he sunk,
And trembled at her feet, with prostrate zeal,
370 As to his God. He dy'd upon her hand
With sighing languishment : He gaz'd his soul
At every ardent glance into her eyes ;
Most eloquently silent ! O'er his cheek
The gushing tears, in big, round drops, diffus'd
375 The dews of passion, and the brain's soft show'r,
Potent to warm the most obdurate breast,
Tho' cold as marble. Idle were his tears,
His glances, languishment and prostrate zeal.

Disdainful--frowning : " Hence, (she cry'd) nor
380 " To interrupt my progress in the rites.
" With thy capricious rudeness. Shall the priest
" The mysteries of Bacchus thus profane,

“ In his own temple too? And rather pay

“ To Venus his devotion, than his God ?”

385 Then haughty as away she turn'd ; he grasp'd

Her knees ; upon her garments flowing train

Shivering he hung : and with beseeching eyes,

Thus, from th' abundance of his heart, complain'd.

“ If pity be no stranger to thy breast,

390 “ (As sure it should not to a breast like thine,

“ Soft as the swanny down !) relenting, hear ;

“ In feelingness of spirit, mildly lend

“ Attention to the language of my heart,

“ Sick with o'er-flowing tendernefs and love.

395 “ I love thee with that innocence of truth,

“ That purity of passion, and desire

“ Unutterable, of bequeathing up

“ My heart, my life, my all into thy hands,

“ Into

“ Into thy gentle custody ; ----- that all,
400 “ My heart, my life, are bitterness and weight
“ Of agony without thee. Since I first,
“ (By Bacchus’ self I swear,) beheld that face,
“ And nameless magick of those radiant eyes,
“ All the foundation of my peace gave way :
405 “ While hopes and fears rose up in bosom-war
“ To desolate the quiet of my days.
“ Thy dear idea was my fancy’s dream ;
“ It mingled with my blood ; and in my veins
“ Throb’d, undulating, as my life were stung.
410 “ I live but on the thought of thee ; my breast
“ Bleeds in me, with distress to see thee frown.
“ O smile ; by thy dead mother’s reverend dust,
“ By all thy bowels are most fond of, smile,
“ And chase these heavy clouds of grief away.
415 “ I beg by Bacchus ; for his sake be kind.”

Here,

Here, interrupted by the swelling storm
Of passion labouring in his breast, his words
Gave way to sighs and tears, to speak the rest.
She, in contempt'ous derision, smil'd,
420 To which her frowns were innocent : and thus :
“ Thy staggering pow'r, and thee I scorn alike :
“ Him I despise, for chusing thee his priest ;
“ Thee, for thy arrogance, and courtship vile.”

Indignant he, in wrathful mood (alarm'd
425 More at his God revil'd, than scorn for him)
First casting on the ground his mitred-crown,
With hands and eyes uplifted, ardent, pray'd.

“ Offspring of Jove, Evøe Lyæus, hear !
“ If e'er these hands with ivy wreaths thy brow
430 “ Circled, and twining tendrils of the vine :

If

“ If e’re my grateful tongue, big with thy praise,

“ Evœ Lyæus! Io Bacchus! fung :

“ If e’er thy servant on thy altars pour’d,

“ Copious, the purple wave of offer’d wine ;

435 “ And, busy, fed the consecrated fire

“ With fat of ass, or hog, or mountain-goat ;

“ Devoutly lavish in the sacrifice :

“ Avenge thy priest ; this cursed race destroy :

“ Thy honours violated thus, avow ;

440 “ Till they confess this staggering pow’r a God.”

He pray’d.----Loud peals of thunder shook the
The image, nodding, his petition seal’d ; (fane :

And Bacchus gave the Calydonian race

To madness, and unutterable woes.

445 The frantick crowd, as if with wine oppress’d,

And

And the strong spirit of the flaming grape,
To and fro' reel, and stagger to and fro',
In dithyrambic measures, wild, convolv'd.

They tofs their cymbals, and their torches shake,
450 Shrieking; and tear their hair, and gash their flesh,
And howl, and foam, and wheel the rapid dance
In giddy maze : with fury then o'erborn,
Enthusiastick, whirling in despair,
Flat, drop down dead; and heaps on heaps expire.

455 Amaz'd, confounded at the raging pest,
The venerable fathers, in debate,
To speed enquiring deputies, resolv'd,
To high Dodona's grove ; with vocal oaks
Umbrageous, aged, vast, the struggling day
460 Excluding : the prime oracle of Greece !

Obse-

Obsequious, they haste : enquire : return :
And thus the counsels of the God disclose.

“ The rage of Bacchus for his injur’d priest,
“ Corefus, by Callirhoe’s scorn repuls’d,
465 “ Your city wastes : and with funereal fires
“ Your streets shall redden, formidably bright,
“ Till by Corefus’ hand the cruel maid
“ A sacrifice be offer’d up : or one,
“ Free, uncompell’d, embrace the destin’d steel,
470 “ Devoted in her stead ; and bleed for her.
“ So you’ll appease the God ; the plague be stay’d.

They said. Staring affright, and dumb amaze
The fathers seize : but chief, Ænèus, thee,
Callirhoe’s old miserable fire !

475 Tenfold affliction to the grave weighs down
Thy silver'd hairs. But fate and heav'n require.
Soon through the city spread the news, and soon
Wounded Callirhoe's ear. Her spindle drops
Neglected from her hand. Prone on the floor,
480 She falls, she faints ; her breath, her colour fled :
Pale, cold and pale. Till, by assisting care,
The fragrant spirit hovers o'er her lips,
And life returning streams in rosy gales ;
Rekindled only to despair. She knew
485 The virgins envy'd ; and the injur'd youth
Stung with her scorn, wou'd wanton in her wounds,
Nor one, one offer up the willing breast
A victim for her Life. And now the crowd,
Impatient of their miseries, besiege
490 The marble portal ; burst the bolted gates ;
Demand

Demand Callirhoe ; furious to obey
The oracle, and pacify the God.

What pangs, unhappy maid, thy bosom tear,
Sleepless, and sad ? relenting now too late,
495 Thy stubborn cruelty. Corefus' charms
Blaze on thy mind ; his unexampled love ;
His every virtue rising to thy thought.
Just in his fury, see the pointed steel
Waves, circling, o'er thy throbbing breast : He
500 He riots in thy blood with dire delight ;
Infatiate ! He gluts his heart of rage
With thy warm gushing life ; and death enjoys,
Redoubling wound on wound, and blow on blow.

Thus pass'd her hours. And now the dewy
505 The mountains tip'd with gold, and threatn'd day.
morn

Without the city gates, a fountain wells
Its living waters, clear as shining glass :
Haunt of the nymphs ! A cypress' aged arms
Threw round a venerable gloom, and seem'd
510 Itself a grove. An altar on the brink
Convenient rose : for holy custom wills
Each victim to be sprinkled with its streams,
New from pollution, worthier of the God.
Fierce for the sacrifice, Corefus here
515 Waited ; and, stimulated with revenge,
He curs'd and chid the lazy-circling hours
Too slow, as if injurious to his hate.

(claim
But soon the gath'ring crowd and shouts pro-
Callirhoe near. Her weeping damsels lead
520 The destin'd offering, lovely in distress,
And sparkling through her tears. A myrtle crown
With

With roses glowing, and selected green,
Th' ambrosial plenty of her golden hair
Entwine : in looks, a Venus ; and a Grace
525 In motion. Scarce the flow'rs of sixteen springs
The fields had painted, since Ænèus first
Fondled his babe, and blest her on his knee.
Ev'n mountain-clowns, who never pity knew,
Relented, and the hardest heart wept blood,
530 Subdu'd by beauty, tho' the fatal source
Of all their misery. What tumults then
Roll in thy breast, Corefus ! while thy hands
The purifying waters on her head
Pour'd trembling ; & the sacred knife unsheath'd !
535 Wiping the silver-streaming tears away,
She with a look nor chearful, nor dismay'd,
But languishingly sweet, her ruby lips

Soft-

Soft-op'ning, thus began : “ Father and friends,

“ Wound me not doubly with your tender grief :

540 “ I was not born alone for you. My life

“ I gladly offer for my country's weal :

“ 'Tis glory thus to die. Receive my blood,

“ Dear native foil ! O may it health restore

“ And peace ; & Bacchus' wrath be now appeas'd.

545 “ And thou, Corefus, whom I most have wrong'd,

“ Look not so fiercely on me, while the steel

“ My once-lov'd bosom launces ; drop a tear ;

“ One sigh in mercy heave, and drop one tear,

“ And I will thank thee for thy blow. For, oh

550 “ I never hated thee : but female pride,

“ Our sex's curse ! forbade me to comply,

“ Too easy won !-----Then pity me, Corefus ;

“ O pity ; and, if possible, forgive.”

He

He answer'd not. But ardent, snatch'd the knife,
555 And running o'er her beauties, strangely wild,
With eyes which witness'd huge dismay and love;
"Thus, thus I satisfy the Gods!" he cry'd,
And bury'd in his heart, in his own heart,
The guilty blade. Then, reeling to her arms,
560 He sunk, and groaning, "O Callirhoe!"---dy'd.

(this?)"

Heav'n rings with shouts, "Was ever love like
Callirhoe shriek'd; and from the gaping wound,
Quick as the lightning's wing, the reeking knife
Wrench'd: in an agony of grief and love,
565 Her bosom piercing, on her lover fell,
And sigh'd upon his lips her life away.
Their blood uniting in a friendly stream,
With bubbling purple stain'd the silver flood;
Which to the fountain gave Callirhoe's name.

Thus

570 Thus fell Callirhoe ; lovelier in her death,
Than cruelty of life ; and stay'd the plague.

Now starting from this wilderness of dreams,
I wake from fancy'd into real woe.

Pain emptys all her vials on my head,
575 And steeps me o'er and o'er. Th' envenom'd shirt
Of Hercules enwraps my burning limbs
With dragon's blood : I rave and roar like him,
Writhing in agony. Devouring fires
Eat up the marrow, frying in my bones.

580 O whither, whither shall I turn for aid ? - - -
Methinks a Seraph whispers in my ears,
Pouring ambrosia on them, " Turn to God ;
" So peace shall be thy pillow, ease thy bed,
" And night of sorrow brighten into noon.

585 " Let the young cherub PATIENCE, bright-ey'd
[HOPE,
" And

“ And rosy-finger’d PRAY’R, combining hold
“ A fure dominion in thy purpos’d mind,
“ Unconquer’d by affliction.”---- I receive
The mandate as from heav’n itself.---Expand
590 Thyself, my soul, and let them enter in.

Come, smiling angel, PATIENCE, from thy seat ;
Whether the widow’s cot, or hermit’s cell,
By fasting strong, and potent from distress ;
Or midnight-student’s taper-glimmering roof,
595 Unwearied with revolving tedious tomes,
O come, thou Panacæa of the mind !
The manna of the soul ! to every taste
Grateful alike : the universal balm
To sickness, pain, and misery below.
600 She comes ! she comes ! she dissipates the gloom ;
My eyes she opens, and new scenes unfolds

(Like Moses' bush ; tho' burning, not consum'd)
Scenes full of splendour, miracle, and God.
Behold, my soul, the martyr-army, who
605 With holy blood the violence of fire
Quench'd, and with lingring constancy fatigu'd
The persecuting flame : or nobly stop'd
The lion's mouth, and triumph'd in his jaws.
Hark, how the virgin white-rob'd confessors
610 Chaunt Hallelujahs to the rack ; as dear
And pleasing to the ear of God, as hymns
Of angels on the resurrection-morn,
When all the host of heaven Hosanna sing !
Yet further ; lift thy eyes upon the cross,
615 A bleeding Saviour view, a dying God !
Earth trembles ; rend the rocks, creation groans :
The sun, asham'd, extinguishes the day :
All nature suffers with her suffering Lord.

Amidst

Amidst this war of elements, serene,
620 And as the sun-shine brow of patience, calm,
He dies without a groan, and smiles in death.
Shall martyrs, virgins, nay, thy Saviour bleed
To teach thee Patience? and yet bleed in vain?
Forbid it, reason; and forbid it, heav'n.
625 No; suffer: and, in suffering, rejoice.
Patience endureth all, and hopeth all.

HOPE is her daughter then. Let Hope distill
Her cordial-spirit, as Hybla-honey sweet,
And healing as the drops of Gilead-balm.
630 Cease to repine, as those who have no Hope;
Nor let Despair approach thy darkest hour.
Despair! that triple-death! th' imperial plague!
Th' exterminating angel of th' accurst,
And sole disease of which the damn'd are sick,

635 Kindling a fever hotter than their hell - - -

O pluck me from Despair, white-handed Hope!

O interpose thy spear and seven-fold shield

Betwixt my bosom and the fiend! detrude

This impious monster to primæval hell;

640 To its own dark domain. But light my soul,

Imp'd with thy glittering wings, to scenes of joy,

To health and life, for health and life are thine:

And fire imagination with the skies.

But whence this confidence of Hope? In thee,

645 And in thy blood, my Jesus! (Bow, O earth!

Heav'n bends beneath the name, and all its sons,

The hierarchy! drop low the prostrate knee,

And sink, in humble wise, upon the stars)

Yes, on thy blood and name my hope depends.---

650 My hope? nay, worlds on worlds depend on thee;

Live

Live in thy death, from thy sepulchre rise.

Thy influential vigour reinspirés

This feeble frame : dispells the shade of death ;

And bids me throw myself on God in prayer.

655 A christian soul is God's beloved house :

And Pray'r the incense which perfumes the soul :

Let armies then of supplications rise,

Besiege the golden gates of heav'n, and force,

With holy violence, a blessing down

660 In living streams. If Hezekiah's pray'r

The sun arrested in his prone career,

And bade the shadow ten degrees return

On Ahaz-dial, whirling back the day :

Pour out thyself, my soul ! with fervent zeal,

665 With over-flowing ardour, and with faith

Unwavering. To assist me, and to swell

My fainting spirits to sublime desires,

2. Wou'd

Wou'd † Taylor from his starry throne descend,
Fear wou'd have end : for by his sacred aid,
670 To live were happiness, and gain to die.----
No : let him still adorn his starry throne,
Well-merited by labours so divine :
For, lo ! the man of God, and friend of man,
Theron, the purest breast, and warmest heart,
675 Flys on the wings of charity and love
To join me in the saving-Task, and raise
My weaker powers with his abundant zeal :
Pure, sweet, and glowing as the incens'd fires,
Of, Solomon, thy golden-altar, fann'd
680 By wings of Cherubins into a flame :
Till on the skies the aromatick gale
In pyramids of fragrance softly stole,
A grateful offering to the throne of grace.

Still,

† Bishop JEREMY TAYLOR, to whose too much neglected Works the Author owns himself indebted for the best sentiments in this Poem.

Still, tho' I feel these succours from the skies
 685 In operation mighty ! still remain
 Inferior aids behind : terrestrial stores
 Medicinal : the instruments of God.
 For God * created the PHYSICIAN ! God
 Himself on earth, our great Physician ! spread
 690 O'er Sick and Weak, shadowing, his healing
 † Each miracle a cure ! --- Before disease, ^{wings :}
 Offspring of sin, infested human-kind,
 In Paradise, the vegetable feeds
 Sprung from their maker's hand, invigorate-strong
 695 With Med'cin. He foresaw our future ills ;
 Foreseeing, he provided ample cure ;
 Fossils, and simples : ‡ Solomon, thy theme,
 Nature's historian : wisest of the wise !

Tho'

* ECCLES. chap. xxxviii. v. 1. † See Lord Bacon. 1 KINGS, chap. iv. v. 33.

Tho' Paradise be lost ; the tree of life
700 In med'cin blooms : then pluck its healing fruits,
And with thanksgiving eat ; and, eating, live.

Ev'n pagan wisdom bade her sons adore,
As one, the God of phyfick and the day,
Fountain of vegetation and of life,
705 Apollo, ever blooming, ever young,
And from his art immortal ! Thus, of yore,
The prime of human race from * heav'n deduc'd
The bright original of phyfick's pow'r :
And, nor unjustly, deem'd that he who fav'd
710 Millions from death, himself shou'd never die.

† An instrument of various pipes and tubes,
Veins, arteries, and finews, organiz'd,

Man,

* See PLINII Natural. Hist. vol. 3. ELZIV.

† See Lord BACON of the Advancement of Learning.

Man, when in healthy-tune, harmonious wakes
The breath of melody, in vocal-praise,
715 Delighting earth and heav'n! discordant, oft,
As accident, or time, or fate prevail,
This human-organ scarce the bellows heaves
Of vital-respiration; or in pain,
With pauses sad. What art divine shall tune
720 To order and refit this shatter'd frame?
What fingers touch into a voice again?
Or musick re-inspire? Who, but the race
Of Pæan? who but Physick's saving sons?----
But something yet, beyond the kindly skill
725 Of Pæan's sons, disease, like mine, demands:
Nepenthe to the soul, as well as life.

O for a mother's watchful tendernefs,
And father's venerable care!--But they

In life immortal, gather endless joys,
730 Reward of charity, of innocence,
Of pleasing manners, and a life unblam'd !
The tears of poverty and friendship oft
Their modest tombs bedew ; where Eden's flood,
(Ituna 'clep'd by bards of old renown,
735 Purpled with Saxon and with British blood)
Laves the sweet vale, that first my prating Muse
Provok'd to numbers, broken as the ruins
Of Roman towers which deck its lofty banks,
And shine more beauteous by decay,---But hark !
740 What musick glads my ear? 'Tis Theron's voice,
Theron a father, mother : both, a friend ! ---
Pain flies before his animating touch :
The gentle pressure of his cordial hand,
A burning mountain from my bosom heaves !
745 What wonders, sacred friendship, flow from thee !

One

One period from a friend enlivens more,
Than all Hippocrates and Galen's tomes,
Than all the med'cines they unfold. I feel
Myself renew'd ! not only health, but youth,
750 Rolls the brisk tide, and sparkles at my heart.
As the live-atoms of Campanian wines
Dance in the virgin crystal, and o'erlook
With glorifying foam, the nectar'd brim ;
Smiling, and lending smiles to social wit,
755 The jocund hearth, and hospitable board.

Friendship is a religion, from the first
The second-best : it points, like that, to heav'n.
And almost antidates, on earth, its bliss.
But Vice and Folly never friendship knew :
760 Whilst Wisdom grows by friendship still more
Her fetters, are a strong defence ; her chains,
Wife.

A robe of glory ; Ophir gold, her bands ;
And he who wears them, wears a crown of joy.

Friendship's the steel, which struck emits the
765 Of candour, peace, benevolence, and zeal ;
Spreading their glowing feeds---A holy fire
Where honour beams on honour, truth on truth ;
Bright as the eyes of angels and as pure.
An altar whence two gentle-loving hearts
770 Mount to the skies in one conspiring blaze
And spotless union. 'Tis the nectar-stream
Which feeds and elevates seraphic love---
Health is disease, life death, without a friend.

The END *of the* SECOND BOOK.



NOTES and ALLUSIONS.

Ver. 94. *Tassoni*, biding his diminish'd head, &c.

Tassoni by his RAPE OF THE BUCKET, and *Boileau* by his LUTRIN, were reckoned the most celebrated Mock-Heroic Poets amongst the moderns, before the RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Ver. 106. ————— *Eloïsa's moan.*

The original *Latin* Letters of these celebrated lovers are published by the learned Dr. *Rawlinson* (from whose very exact labours we expect a continuation of the *Athenæ Oxonienses*.) They are likewise translated by Mr. *John Hughes*, with an account of their passion and misfortunes, from *Monf. Bayle*.

Ver. 125. *Like Ilium built, &c.*

Troy walls I built (for such were *Jove's* commands)
And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands.

Ver. 154. *Where Socrates and Horace jointly reign.*

Man was the sole subject of *Socrates's* Philosophy. *Xenophon. Memor. B. i. & Diog. Laërt.* He first (says *Tully*) reduc'd Philosophy to common life, and enquired into the nature of Virtue and Vice; of Good and Evil. *Acad. Quæst.* *Socrates*, as well as *Horace*, chose to laugh men into virtue; and his discourses were full of humour, acuteness, and wit; at the same time mixed with gravity. *Cicero* says, that he excelled all mankind in pleasantness and urbanity. *De Orat. l. 2.* *Libanius*, in his Apology, acquaints us, that the end of all his labours was only to promote Virtue.

Uni æquus Virtuti atque ejus amicis.

To Virtue only, and her friends a friend.

Ver. 185. *Minerva from the labouring brow of Jove.*

Minerva is feign'd to have sprung from the head of *Jupiter*. She was the Patroness of the *Athenians*, and Goddess of Wisdom.

Ver. 199. *As once thy breathing harvest, Cadmus, sprung.*

Cadmus is reported by the Poets to have slain a monstrous serpent in *Bæotia*, at the command of *Minerva*; and sowed its teeth in a field, which produced an host of armed soldiers; who, fighting, slew one another. See *Ovid. Met.* l. iii. *Suidas*, *Pausanias*, &c. 'Tis said, that he sowed serpents teeth, and that soldiers in armour sprung up from them; because, as *Bockart* observes, in the *Phœnician* language, to express men armed with brazen darts and spears of brass, they made use of words, which might be translated "armed with the teeth of a serpent."

Ver. 232. *Yet fancy's mimick work, &c.*

The following lines upon delirious dreams may appear very extravagant to a reader, who never experienc'd the disorders which sickness causes in the brain; but the author thinks that he has rather softened than exaggerated the real description, as he found them operate on his own imagination at that time.

Ver. 239. *From Heliconian cliffs devolv'd, &c.*

Sir *G. Wheeler*, in his voyages, has given a very beautiful description of an hermitage on the borders of mount *Helicon*, belonging to the convent of Saint *Luke* the Hermit, not the Evangelist, called *Stiriotes*, from his dwelling in those deserts. See *Wheeler's Journey into Greece*, Fol. B. iv. p. 325.

Ver. 264. *Warbled to Dorique reeds, &c.*

Those different instruments are designed to express the several parts of Poetry, to which they were adapted, viz. Pastoral, Ode, Heroic, &c.

Ver. 283. *Hark, how the anvils, &c.*

See *Hom. Ilias*, B. xviii. *Virg. Æn.* B. viii.

Ver. 287. *Demand Typhæus' strength, &c.*

Suppos'd, by poetical writers, amongst the giants to have attempted to dethrone the Gods. *Jupiter* struck him with a thunderbolt, and buried him under a mountain. He was said to be of that extraordinary bulk, that with one hand he touch'd the east, with the other the west; whilst his head rais'd itself to the stars. See *Hesiod, Theog.* *Ovid, Met.* *Strabo*, l. 13, &c. *Homer* says, *Il.* l. ii. he was buried under *Inarime*, a mountain near *Naples*. *Virgil* follows his account, *Æn.* B. x. and *Claudian, de Rap. Proserp.* l. iii. & *Lucan*, l. v. But *Pindar* tells us, under *Ætna* in *Sicily*, *Pyth.* i. and *Ovid* the same, *Fast.* l. iv.

Ver.

Ver. 291. ————— *reins of Phlegon to my hands.*

Phlegon, one of the horses of the fun. *Ovid, Met.* l. ii.

Ver. 299. ————— *Astolpho's horn,*

A horn, in which if he do once but blow,
The noise thereof shall trouble men so fore,
That all both stout and faint shall fly therefro,
So strange a noise was never heard before.

Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, translated by
Sir John Harrington, B. xv. Stanz. 10.

With this horn *Astolpho* affrighted the *Amazons*. See Book xx. St. 60, &c.
and even *Rogero*, *Bradamant*, &c. in dissolving the enchanted palace, B. xxii.
St. 18, &c. Drives away the Harpies from *Senapo*, B. xxxiii. St. 114, &c.

Ver. 305. ————— *old the tale,*
Yet worthy to be told in modern song.

This story is related by *Pausanias*, pag. 227. edit. *Xyland*. The antient customs of the *Orgia*, or feasts of *Bacchus*, and of the sacrifice, are alluded to in the several parts of this episode. I won't tire the reader with allusions; but only observe, that the rites and ceremonies of the *Dionysia* are fully treated of, amongst the moderns, by *Lylius Gyraldus*, *Natalis Comes*, *Dempster in notis ad Rosinum*, &c.

Ver. 720. ————— *Pæan.*

Pæan, commonly used for the hymn at the feasts of *Apollo*; but sometimes for *Apollo* himself. So *Juvenal*:

Parce, precor, Pæan, & tu depone sagittas.

Ver. 733. ————— *Eden's flood.*

————— *Eden*, tho' but small,
Yet often stain'd with blood of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tined on his strand.

Spenser's Fairy Queen, Book iv. Canto 11.

Ver. 756. *Friendship is a religion.*

My second religion, friendship. —————

Dr. Donne to Sir *H. Goodeere*. See his Letters, 4^{to}.

Ver.

Ver. 759. *But vice and folly never friendship knew.*

It was an observation of *Socrates*, that wicked men cannot be friends either amongst themselves or with good men.

Xenoph. Memorab. l. ii.

Angels from friendship gather half their joys.

Dr. Young, Night-Thoughts.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Panegyrick* on Mr. POPE's Writings, and the *Episode* on *Corcufus* and *Callirhoe* enlarging on the Author's hands, obliged him to divide the two last Books in a different manner from what he at first proposed, for the sake of rendering them more proportionable to each other.

